

The Times.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II. NO. 12.

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 63.

Life Virtues

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
HIGHWAYS & BY-WAYS.
BY FANNY FIELDING.

Author of "Footprints of the Past," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Vice in Press.

WANTED.—A boy of some twelve to fifteen years old, of agreeable temper, steady habits and some experience, to act as a sort of Man-of-all-work. Apply at No. 14, South Commerce Street.

Thus ran the Herald advertisement.

"Thank you, Billy Sykes, for a peep into the Herald's paper, I'll do you good a turn or so these days. It's a good thing that, as the speakers say—in the political economy of man—they don't say nothing about the economy of woman,—is rich that,—in short, that he will have his hands along of all his other property. High—there's where Mr. Number-Forteen and I stand on equal grounds;—we've got that much possession in common:—he wants a boy an' I wants a place. Let's read it again—I like to be well informed. A boy of some twelve to fifteen years of age—that's me. I'll be very nice from the one to the other, that Mr. Above-named chooses to prefer. Agreeable temper,—Me again—all over! All ways used to laugh an' about an' loony whenever Ole Sukey Bruhns beat me. That woman thought I was a cross between a droll an' a trumpet,—she only said I was a cross, however, and left me to trace out my family relations for myself. Well, so much for temper."—"Steady habits"—[Looking down at himself]—"Well, Bouncer, these habits of yours are about steady enough provided,—you know,—a flow of wind don't chance to come along an' hinder 'em to take on a few airs;—also, Bouncer, if you don't lagitate yourself in a hasty an' ungentelemanlike manner in the street,—or whether or no,—I guess they'd make a go. Some experience."—"Aye, there's the rub," as Miss Kate use to say when she put the finishing touch to her cheeks. Wonder if Mr. A's so forth would n't dispense with that article, as it's said to cost some, and—[putting his finger to his nose, significantly]—"take somethin' as is not so dearly bought. However, Mister, I'll just away towards your shanty an' see how ye're off for soap."

All this was seen and heard from a window overlooking the street, moreover, was observed a rough and ragged jacket sleeve pass over a very deeply bronzed face that fairly shone in the sunlight of that winter's morning discovering even through the indifference domesticated there if not indigenous, traces of an undeveloped something nearer akin to feeling than race. Demonstrations had tended to indicate it might be an earnest of good things to come,—it might be the last faint flicker of expiring innocence dying out in the night and dawn, giving title of vagabond life in a great city.

Dick Armstrong,—more popularly known by his alias, Bouncer, despite the Apocryphal tradition which conveyed to him the above dignified cognomen,—Dick Armstrong and his unwelcome friend, and the uncompromising advertisement for "experience" in the abstract, were no Apocryphal vision, and what was soon of them and what was known of them, or some of them, thereafter, were only what Dick would call "a circumstance" to the myriad histories which from the same point of observation are curious in such things might follow, led only by a single form or face such as one daily, hourly sees hundreds of in a crowded street.

We had almost promised to leave all gauding and philosophizing to the reader and our dramatic person during the course of this narrative. With pen in hand, the latter will follow upon the former with us,—has a way of it,—and so, so save ourselves and you, friends, we will follow on at a good observing but unobserved distance, Richard—alias, Dick Armstrong, alias—Bouncer.

Curly, the Grocer, for he it was who "Wanted, &c," was sitting at his breakfast of pork-steaks and hot coffee in a back room of the shop, at the front door of which, of course, our hero entered, and not of course, as it seemed, presented himself at the glass partition door where his fartherward progress was arrested by a tolerably massive Mrs. Curly, in drizzled skirts and a short seque-gown of dingy yellow flannel overalls. In which outfit,—(conscience condemn us and we had better compromise for the color and call it a nondescript.) Mrs. Curly daily served customers that early in the morning, while her lord and master in the rear building engaged himself in an amateur discussion of pork-chops, butter, bread, coffee, &c. Parenthetically,—Mrs. Curly was also a party to this when no customer encroached upon her maternal devotions.

"Serve you to day?"—In a half-offended, half-obsequious tone came the query.

"No marm! I was only a thinkin' I might serve you. I guess you're Boss

here," followed up Dick, slyly drawing up one eye as he parenthetically glanced through the glass door disclosing little Mr. Curly at his breakfast, of whom, he it now remarked, that if he was unintercepted and unprecedently served there by his better-half, it was upon the principle which induces a traveller sooner to stop where his horse can eat than where his own inner man can be refreshed with creature comforts, if both means cannot be comprised in one halt;—there is more service in it,—it pays better.

"Advertisement, Marm, in Mornin's Herald."

"Is that an applicant?" asked Mr. Curly from his recess.

"Your name?" queried Mrs. Curly of the boy.

"Dick, Richard Armstrong," replied he, assuming sudden dignity upon discovering that his own corporeal altitude exceeded by some inch or so that of him who was nominally master in that establishment, and who had now presented himself in person.

"No objections to the name, I guess, sir, considering the profession I'm a,—a candidate for."

"Your age?"

"Just suit yourself sir, an' I'm yer man."

"I won't employ a boy over fifteen," chimed in the feminine head,—he would require more wages—laborers is so extortionating."

"Fifteen,—that suits, sir, marm,—I was fifteen in April,—(in a horn,—with two more years upon it,—I was fifteen in April—two years ago,)" which latter declaration was only mental, and "for conscience's sake," perhaps.

"Well, as to all the other requirements, Dick Armstrong, we'll try it, an' see what we'll make of it,—an you agree to perform—&c, &c, an' to suffer—&c, &c,—an' to receive from us, &c, &c, wages, to be deducted from if you at times should fail to,—&c, &c, or should neglect &c, &c, &c,—We'll try you."

"Thankee, sir, marm," answered Dick, pretending to correct himself, and inwardly adding,—I hope we may n't try one another. See what we'll make of it! We might make somethin'; again,—we might break somethin'."

This last too, was a sort of mental reflection, in the midst of which Dick was ordered with a message around to Messrs. Shipp & O'Callaghan's, previously to being set agoing among the overplus supplies requisite for Mrs. Curly's some-time-delayed, and consequently peculiarly grateful and appetizing morning meal.

"Sure as day, now, an' that's not so sure, of a cloudy morning, Bouncer's making a man of himself,—three shillin's a week and board found,—not so bad!—But he'll not look down on his old friends he won't, an' Jakey an' Life shall never go a starving for a morsel of Bologna or a plate of soup while he's a penny to help 'em to. Goin' of arrears ain't no such bad business it ain't,—nor sweepin the shop nor makin' o' fires. Lord! every mother's son of us has seen the day he's been glad to have a chance to get warm." Thus the above-named newly installed "Man-of-all-work" soliloquized and philosophized of himself and neighbours as he travelled on to his appointed port, regardless of the "holloos," and the interrogatories proffered by loiterers at Street corners and alley-ways, who had long time looked upon Dick as their legitimate "humble servant and orthodox companion, and who now stood a ghost, easily repulsed by the astounding phenomenon of purpose." In his apparently hurried step and air. "Oh they don't know me now what's in 'em, an' I broke with 'em" half gratulantly, whispered he "but" half self reproachingly, he added again,—were born to it,—they, an' I, and our set, I won't.—No. 64. Shipp & O'Callaghan's: it's here I was to find myself, and now Messrs. Shipp and O'Callaghan, what am I to find when your smiling physiognomies—protrude from out the ether darkness, as that old chap at the Bowerly says?"

Bouncer's appetite pretty well quickened by the keen morning air in addition to the hunger inspiring fumes which made their egress from Curly's back room to the shop, facilitated the despatching of his errand and return to his land of promise.

"Eats me but don't sleep me!" said he sharply soliloquizing, and quickly too, as he hurried over a breakfast of the cold remains which survived Mrs. Curly's satisfactory meal. "It's all just as well an' a trifle better, may be. Oh yes! a good deal better!" She never knew how near to her tongue's end it was to say sleep out, only I was fearing she might n't think it steady enough; she harps upon steady, she does. Eats me but don't sleep me,—thankful she don't,—good-bye Bowerly and lobby of Laura Keane's as she did,—good-by Adile Sajus, Kate Robinson, all—"

"Dick?"

"Comin' sir,—marm, I mean—"

"Make a hurry!"

"Yes marm."

"It's not marm, its me!" (sharply informed the ostensible J. K. Curly of No. 14, &c.) "Make a hurry!"

"Yes sir!"—and he added in a low voice; "No need o' makin' a hurry I should say, there seems to be about enough o' that already manufactur'd when a cove can't eat his breakfast 'bout its jobbin' itself 'tween his teeth.—Here I am sir." And he presented himself before the dignitary under consideration, but whose better half, jealous of the trivial acknowledgement conveyed thereby, interposed with her multiplicity of designs for the forenoon,—programme running somehow on this fashion:—

"Mind now you clean that copper kettle in the cellar, as I tell you, till you see every hair on your head in it, stand separate from one another, then you turn it up an' leave it there;—then you go down to Sinkum's here and ask him for six shilling worth o' twine for tying bundles,—tell him Mrs. Curly will call round and settle,—mind Mrs. Curly—"

"Yes m,—thought you said I was to mind the baby, at odd times, mind Mrs. Curly?" inquired that lady's passive listener with successfully figured innocence.

"No, not mind Mrs. Curly,—mind that you tell Mr. Sinkum Mrs. Curly, not Mr. Curly," said Mrs. C.'s able spouse with a terrifying glance behind the counter which was possibly designed to convey information to which J. K. C. seemed all oblivious, of two persons standing in statu quo for two full seconds. "Come back!" she took up the thread of her designs for him, again,—clean up the kitchen things, put away the coal, then bring the hand-barrow up and take these bags of pea-nuts to Feedum's the Baker's where you will find me, and when we get through there you can come home with me and find somethin' to do."

"Sharp customer, that!" reflected Dick as he set about job number one designated for his performance, but if she's reckoning to break down this,—I say if that's her aim, why she'll find herself mistaken or there's no snakes in North Callina as the Southern folks say. But it's all Mrs. Curly, even when I innocently thinks Mr. Curly, but when I fancies it's Mrs. Curly, I'm sure never to be mistaken; ye ho! Bouncer can see as far through a bright an' sunshiny mornin' as Espy the Storm-King ever could. Ha! ha! ha!—who reads his mornin' paper for nothin'—Richard Armstrong does, in one sense,—well in another he don't. Well, well, valuable information is 't to be lost, and so, as I waits here at the crossin' for that army o' carts an' drays to pass, I may as well regale myself (I believe that's the word,) with a leaf from Mrs. Curly's private memorandum book. How strange that hand that held up the shelf while I received her orders, should have been meddlesome enough to ha' picked up this interesting volume, and how more than strange it should ha' been sly enough to put the same snug away in Dick Bouncer's pocket! Naughtily hand! your moral instructor must see what sort of business you're in, and expose the same if it be not what he would regard as right handsome dealing. Well's pose it was left hand?—Get from behind me Satan?—Well sure,—Monday,—Dick turns over the leaf and looks up both sides of it,—give black Jim husband's old blue jacket to pay off debt for cartin of coal. Tuesday,—let Mr. Dick have pound of sugar 'pon promise to pay 25 cents Saturday?—"

"Stop, Mr. Wise?—Mr. Wise?—What, I wonder? Can it be?" and he turned back to the foremost leaves and saw the suggestive cognomen in scrawly characters chronicled here and there upon many a page, referring now to outstanding debts, was to resolve not to trust again, but, though the records gave no such intimation, one might readily believe with but small insight into the character of Mr. Wise's petty grocer, that punctual and generous compensation had been the propitiatory means which alone rendered him debt or, time and again after such laudable resolutions had become null and void. Dick looked again near the close of the last written column and found—"Will git out a warr, n' gin the lodger in 45 Bleek-er st. 3 floor if he don't pay up by Saturday night, more's the kin' o' him." "I'll swear you won't!" Said Dick without further perusing the interest-ing memoranda in question, and he thrust the "manual of useful information into his pocket and darted across the street into the crowd upon the other side.

THE DAME'S PORTRAIT.

"Do you call this a likeness?" drawled Bob, with a yawn:

"Why, hang me, this thing will disgrace your profession!"

Did ever you look at me, since you were born, A rascal so stupid? So void of expression?"

The artist replied, with a shrug quite befitting: "I never did, sir, till you commenced sitting."

Meister Lari being asked what he thought of Platonic love, replied: "That like most things which begun in pla (play) it was apt to end in earnest."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A SCOTCH SONG.

A Response to S. M. Smith.

BY JAMES CRICKSHANKS, JR.

Meet me in the gloamin', lassie, Down by the burnie side, When owre the links the silvery moon With wooing steps doth glide.

'Tis then, we'll speak o' pichted lo'e, While I the gowans twine Around your bonny, lovely face, An' sing o' "Auld Lang Syne."

Meet me in the gloamin', lassie, Aneth the auld oak tree, 'Tis here that Sandy Allan knelt— 'Tis here he came to d'e!

Yes, Elsie had been false to him; She kent she had done wrang, And yet poor Sandy, saucy child— Oat as he sang this sang:

"How awfu' is the power o' lo'e! It gars a man gae daft; 'Tis muckle war than death can dee 'Leav'g' his drea'd'it ha'ft."

And, now, to be forsaken tae! Ah! na! it canna be; But if she dinna come I'll sang An' lay me down an' d'e!"

Then, meet me in the gloamin', lass, Down by the burnie side, And then, when stars are glimmering down The sweetest of flowers;

I'll tell ye, o' a lo'e ly mae, A sweet and sacred love; And when I gie, O, keep it weel Till we shall meet an' d'e!"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A LAMENT FOR LOST HOURS.

BY WILLIE E. FARR.

The Spring time had its violets, The earliest of flowers;

And near them bloomed sweet daisies Born of the genial hours.

But my spring-time was barren 'Leav'g' my heart a desert;

In Time's Sahara desert Life's promise found its tomb.

Amid the apple blossoms The sweet sang to his bride;

The robin in the maples Was singing in his pride;

And though the line of duty To other feet was plain,

I still walked on in darkness And trod the path in vain.

I saw the star of Promise Rise in the Eastern sky;

And all who watched its progress Went thitherward—but I!

And when the star descended The long slope of the West,

The elon bell of sorrow Was girt about my breast.

Oh! others won them honor And others won them gold;

But I found my Utopia Was formed of chancel mould.

And now in life's mid-summer All through the weary day,

I say sad lamentations Over Life's lost Cathay.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

BY WM. HALLER, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER VI.

Now walk up to the piano again and play and sing the elementary sounds as before directed; but instead of stopping on B, the 7th key from the C you start on, stop on C the 8th key above it. I have already taught you that this makes an octave, as it is sometimes called; rather it is the Diatonic, or through-tone Scale of music. Think closely while I explain this Scale:

In learning the elementary Scale you always count the sounds from the bottom to the top of it; and in singing them the voice steps from one position to another in a regular and natural way till it reaches the top, i. e. the 7th sound, or B. But you feel uneasy to stop singing on the 7th; then stop on C, the next key above B, and you will feel perfectly easy. It is natural and easy to begin singing with the key-note, and just as easy to end on it; but it is not as easy to end on any other. And just here I will explain a remark made in several of the old patent note books, and which has misled many persons who were trying to learn music:—"mi," (me) the remark is, "is called the leading note, because it leads the ear to expect a close."

Now if you have sung the Scale as previously directed, while sounding the 7th note (which is the veritable mi meant in the remark quoted) you have felt the want of one more, one higher sound to stop on; your ear expected, naturally, to close the Scale on C, or the 8th sound from your No. one, instead of B, the seventh. Now sing No. one, or C; sound it long enough to notice it carefully; then sing No. 2. You see your voice stepped over the space between Nos. 1 & 2. Sing from 2 to 3, from 3 to 4, and so on, to C above; just go over one octave in this way, noting carefully how the voice steps from sound to sound. Do you detect the fact that between 1 and 2 is called a whole interval, and that between 2 and 3 a whole interval. That between 3 and 4 is a half interval, (called in the old books a semi-tone) between 4 and 5 a whole, 5 and 6 a whole, 6 and 7 a whole; but between 7 and 8 a half. We have, thus far, taken C for our first elementary note, or our No. 1; count again, and you will see that the first half interval in the Scale occurs between E and F, and the second one between B and C. Why is it that, on the key-board of a piano, melodeon, &c. F and E are always two white

keys and lie close together having no black key between them? And the same is true of B and C. It is because the two half intervals in the natural Scale, (as the diatonic Scale counting from C is always called) lie between E and F, and B and C, and consequently these sounds are as near together as they can be got; they are naturally only half a step apart. Between C and D, D and E, E and F, and G, and A, and A and B there are black keys. These are to divide the whole intervals into halves. How many intervals in the diatonic Scale? Seven: just as many as there are elementary sounds; you get the 7th interval by stepping over the space between Nos. 7 & 8, or B & C. Of what then, does the diatonic Scale consist? Of seven elementary sounds, (or notes) and seven intervals, two of them being called half-intervals and the other five whole intervals. Now familiarize yourself perfectly with the diatonic Scale; there is nothing to prevent you from doing it, unless you indulge a careless, idle spirit.

But I promised to explain also the Chromatic Scale of music. Well, attend:

Start at C on the piano and strike every key, white and black, till you reach the next C above it. Thus you have played the chromatic Scale, i. e. the Scale of half intervals. The Chromatic scale is nothing more, nor less, than the whole elementary series divided into half intervals. How many are there in the scale? Twelve. Count them and you will see. You have learned that there are two half intervals in the natural scale; will divide the five whole ones into halves, as is done by black keys of keyed instruments, and you have ten more to add to the two. This scale of half intervals (improperly called the scale of semi-tones) is the Chromatic scale. More anon.

Translated for the "Times," From the German of Richter.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

An old man stands at a window in the middle of the New Year's night and with a glance of deep despair looks up to the unchanging, ever blooming Heaven and down on the still, pure white Earth, on which there was, now, no one so friendless and so sleepless as himself. For near him stands his grave, only concealed by the snows of age, not decked with the flowers of youth and he was bringing to it, out of all his rich possessions, nought but sickness, faults and sins, a wasted body, a soul in ruins, a bosom full of evil, an old age full of remorse. The beautiful days of his youth returned to him now as spectres and carried him back to that fair morn, in which his Father first placed him at the spot where the way of life divides; the right hand leads upwards, along the sun-bright path of Virtue, into a large and quiet land, full of light and gladness, and peopled by Angels; the left descends along the moletracks of Vice, into a black hole full of dropping poison and thick, dismal fogs, inhabited by writhing serpents, hissing for their prey. Alas! the serpents were hanging around his own breast and the poison was dripping from his own tongue and he knew it not.

Frantic with unutterable sorrow, he cried out to Heaven: "Oh! give me back my youth again. Oh! Father, place me once more on the way of life, that I may choose differently."

But his Father and his youth had long since passed away. He saw the will of the wisp dancing over the marshes and disappearing in "God's acre;" "that is my silly day," he moaned; "as he looked again a star shot from Heaven, glimmered a moment in its fall and disappeared on earth; "that is I," whispered his bleeding heart and the serpent teeth of Remorse struck yet deeper into the wounds.

His glowing imagination showed him goblins wandering among the houses; the windmill raised its arms as if threatening to crush him and a grinning skull in the empty charnel house gradually assumed his own features: In the midst of his distress, there softly flowed down from the steeples the New Year's chimes; like a distant anthem the melody touched and soothed his mind; his down cast eyes sought the pure, white earth and thinking of the friends of his youth, who now, more fortunate and better than he, were the happy fathers of children, renowned men, the lights of their times; "alas!" he sighed, "I could like them sleep this New Year's night with fearless eyes had I but willed to do so. I too could be happy, dear friends, had I but fulfilled your New Year's wishes and followed your counsel."

Amid these feverish reminiscences of his youth it seemed to him as if the skull which wore his features was rising up; at length it became a living youth; he could hear no more; he closed his eyes and a thousand hot tears streamed unheeded on the snow; deeply and despairingly he

* Referring to its unfading blue.

† Grave yard, thus called in German.

‡ There is a common superstition in Germany that at 12 o'clock on New Year's night the watcher can see ghosts and goblins and the Future is revealed to him.

moaned: "Days of youth come again! come again!"

And they did return: for he had only had a frightful dream, on this New Year's night; only his errors had been no dream. And he thanked God that he, still young, could turn about from the filthy path of Vice into the sun-bright walk of Virtue, which leads into the pure land of Rewards.

Turn about with him, young reader, if so be that thou with him wanderest in the same path; this terrible Dream shall become thy future Judge; for when thou hereafter shalt call in voice lamentation "come again, sweet days of innocence and youth?" they shall not return. * * *

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

BY A. FERRY SPERRY.

O! the old churchyard with its willows weeping, And its white tomb shining between, And its little green mounds where are silently sleeping, The forms that on earth have been.

Ah, who is there treads on the earth's green sward, But has some friend in the old churchyard.

No rich carved stone rears its head on high, No great sculptured vault here is seen, But the old sexton turns the fresh earth with a sigh.

As he looks on those mounds of green, Where merchant and blacksmith and sweet-village bard Are asleep side by side in the old churchyard.

No great stone chapel is structured here, Whose bells to the breezes chime, But the old frame church to our fathers dear, Stands yet in its ancient prime.

While the forms that of yore in its dim aisles trod, Sleep low in its shade 'neath the soft green sod.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

We commence in this number a series of articles relating to the subject of Common Schools, and addressed to Teachers, Parents and Children. Each article will be separate and independent. We shall not attempt to make them wholly original, but shall draw from whatever source we may find available and valuable. These articles shall not be long and we hope they may prove sufficiently interesting to induce a perusal from the interested parties. In this number we present a few general thoughts on the importance of Common Schools.

The establishment and liberal support of common schools should be objects of special interest to every citizen of our Union. On them, more than on any other cause, under Providence, depend the general diffusion and perpetuity of those great national blessings and privileges which tend to the true exaltation of a people. Free schools are the nurseries of the public mind,—the lights by which republican virtues and hopes are most clearly and extensively reflected,—the best safeguards against all the ills of ignorance and vice. Without them no republican government can long exist and flourish; with them, wisely fostered and generally supported, no tyrant's sway can long continue, no bigot's views be widely disseminated. In view of this, how earnestly and assiduously should every good citizen strive to guard and improve a judicious system of public-school instruction!

Common schools have been very appropriately styled the "People's Colleges," and the character of those who graduate from them must determine what the general condition of our country shall be. It is true that our academies and colleges exert a powerful influence, and accomplish a glorious work; but, so long as more than nine-tenths of our whole population never gain access to their advantages, how important is it that these more accessible institutions, the free schools, be properly cared for! How important is it that they be so sustained that they will send forth those healthful influences which shall be for the healing and preservation of the nations!

Good common schools should furnish to the young that thorough elementary instruction and training which will prepare them to engage honorably and successfully in any pursuit of life. They should form a well-disciplined mind, refined tastes, and correct habits, and endow the young with a knowledge of sciences, and the principles of things, and clothe them with the power of elegant and forcible expression, which shall be for glory and for beauty 'round all the possible occupations of future life, rather than to fit them for any special and private emergency of business.

If every instructor were thoroughly fitted for the duties of his high and honorable calling, and every parent were ready to render proper and cheerful assistance in all the operations of the school-room, the power and usefulness of common schools would equal the fondest expectations and wishes of the most ardent friends of knowledge and liberty.

In the New England States the Common School system has been perfected to a very high degree, and have enlisted the interest of the greatest and best of men. Daniel Webster, in speaking of them, said,

"If I had as many sons as old Prim, I would send them all to the public schools."

As a proof that the privileges of these schools, wisely improved, will qualify one for passing through life with the highest degree of success, honor and usefulness, we would refer to the example of George Peabody, Esq., the celebrated London Banker, but a native of Danvers, Mass. Mr. Peabody is now on a visit to the United States, and it will be remembered by our readers, that he has recently donated a very large sum for the establishment of a public school in one of the Northern cities. In a letter once addressed to his native town, he uttered the following noble and philanthropic sentiments: "The early associations of my life are clustered around our ancient town. It was, as many of you know, in a very humble house in the South Parish that I was born; and from the common schools of that parish, such as they were in 1803 to 1807, I obtained the limited education my parents means could afford; but to the principles there inculcated, in childhood and early youth, I owe much of the foundation for such success as Heaven has been pleased to grant me during a long business life."

"The great increase of population and commerce of the United States, the development of the internal wealth of the country and enterprise of her people, have done much to effect a happy relation between Europe and America; and I can scarcely see bounds to our possible future, if we preserve harmony among ourselves and good faith to the rest of the world, and if we plant the universal New England institution of the common school liberally among the emigrants who are filling up the great valley of the Mississippi."

With the above excellent remarks were the following noble sentiment and generous accompaniment,—the sentiment worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold over the doorway of every school-house in our land, and the accompaniment a most substantial proof of the sincerity of him who gave the sentiment:

"EDUCATION: A debt due from present to future generations."

"In acknowledgment of the payment of that debt by the generation which preceded me in my native town of Danvers, and to aid in its prompt future discharge, I give to the inhabitants of that town the sum of TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS for the promotion of knowledge and morality among them."

If the author of these articles shall be instrumental of inspiring teachers with a stronger love for and devotion to their work, or shall say anything that will encourage or stimulate them in their arduous labors,—if he shall say aught that will tend to awaken parents to a proper understanding and performance of the duties they owe to public schools,—he will feel rewarded in the consciousness of having done something towards discharging his part of obligations so beautifully expressed, in the sentiment above, as constituting the common debt of all,—something towards imparting to our common-school system, vigor and efficiency.

KINDNESS IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.—To hope in the Rod is Savage. To exchange the Rod for Riddle, is to take King Stork for King Log. To reserve the Rod only to be used as an act of genuine philanthropy is wise,—that makes the Rod, like Aaron's, to blossom.

Kindness is seldom a matter of unmitigated sweetness. Genuine kindness is genuine philanthropy, and genuine philanthropy, like genuine therapeutics, must, occasionally, try actual caltury. There is a Pill kindness and a Plum Pudding kindness; neither is just the thing to fill a school-room with bee-hive pleasantness—both have much wax, little bee-bread, and less honey.

There is a kindness in genuine deeds, and a kindness in glowing words—one is the kindness of love, the other the kindness of eloquence the latter often abuses, the former is often abused.

My subject is on the wing, it skips from scene to scene. Sympathy kindness I take to be different from Pill kindness, or Plum Pudding kindness; different from Love kindness, or Eloquence kindness,—never wastes its fragrance on the desert air. Somebody about something is always by to snuff it greedily and cheerily. But, look out, the kindness of sympathy has a bad neighbor, Puling Sentimentality.

INFANCY OF JAMES WATTS.—A friend of the father of the improver of the steam-engine came upon young James, as he lay stretched upon the ground, tracing with the chalk all sorts of cross lines.

"Why do you suffer this child thus to trifle away his time?" exclaimed the visitor.

"I would do well to delay your judgment," said the father; "before condemning him, be good enough to find his occupation."

The harsh judgement was speedily reversed: the child of six was solving a problem in geometry.

"James," said Mrs. Multhead to her

THE TIMES

Published every Thursday in Greensboro, N.C.

EDITORIAL BOARD:
B. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors:
R. G. STANLEY, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the list.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the TIMES.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an offering of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the TIMES, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principles. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are prepared at great expense, will be from the pen of the most gifted of the American Literature.

Besides the serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, by Rev. C. H. Wiley, State Superintendent of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the President and Principals of the Institutions.

CONRAD DE CASTRO THE OATH BOUND—OR THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AND THE GOLDEN KEY—A Union story by Matthew Adams—Edited by R. G. Stanley.

THE FAIR ROSETTA; OR, HUMAN FRANKLIN—A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF AGNES HERBERT, by J. H. H. H.

MELTZER, by Stella Steele.

NED PERCY; OR LOVE AND PREJUDICE, by Mrs. L. M. H. H.

SWEET PEARL SPRING; OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S FAULT, by J. H. H. H.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

WARRIOR STARS; OR THE RUBY CROSS, A Tale of the Future, by R. G. Stanley.

only \$8.00. This train leaves Goldsboro at 4.00 P. M., arrives at Greensboro 12.03 A. M., at Charlotte 5.30. Going North leaves Charlotte at 5.30 P. M., arrives at Greensboro 11.03, at Goldsboro 7.15 A. M.

The Mail Train leaves Goldsboro at 2.00 A. M., arrives at Greensboro 9.40, and at Charlotte 3.30 P. M. Going North leaves Charlotte at 6.00 A. M., arrives at Greensboro 11.38, at Goldsboro 7.30 P. M.

THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE PULPIT.

In the Southern Literary Messenger for Feb. we find a most capital article on the inefficiency of the Pulpit of this country. The writer clearly shows that he has well studied his subject. We believe it would be well to publish it in every newspaper and periodical in the land. It certainly can not fail of accomplishing great good wherever it is read.

He sets out by showing that there are about sixty-five thousand places of worship in the United States, and about forty-three thousand preachers—that is to say, one day in the week is set apart exclusively to work—no pagan—no voice—the arm of the law protecting them—no contradicting what they say, and by them on that day, including the week services, lectures and revival sermons, about eighty thousand appeals are made weekly, with no opposition. He alleges that if the same number of political speakers were permitted to harangue the masses, uncontradicted, no system could withstand them.

And further than this, the efforts of these ministers are underlaid and backed by social influence—the influence of wives and mothers, by the press, and associations, Bible societies, temperance societies, tract societies. In view of all these facts, he concludes that the result of pulpit effort in this country is enormously inadequate.

There is one error into which the writer has fallen. It is far—very far from the real state of the case, to suppose that there is no opposition to pulpit effort. The opposition cannot be estimated in its full force and power, but it is altogether a different thing from that, which one political party opposes to another. These ministers have to "wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." But to his article. After stating the case he undertakes to find the cause for such meagre returns for so much effort. We are somewhat surprised that in one short paragraph, he should put aside the supernatural aid imparted to the pulpit by the Holy Spirit, which may or may not accompany pulpit effort, as it is sought or not sought by preachers. This is stated it is true, but not sufficiently dwelt upon. Now we believe that want of success is attributable more to a lack of deep, fervid piety and entire consecration to the great work of saving souls—a lack of the Spirit's power and influence than to any other cause. Learning is good, style of speaking may exercise much influence, but the great secret in pulpit effort is that it should be attended by the power of God's Spirit. "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Out of these forty-three thousand preachers, how many of them are baptized with the Holy Ghost and preach with tongues of fire.

He divides the evangelical churches into three classes—the Democratic, the Conservative, and the Gentile. The first class embraces the Methodist and Baptist denominations, the second the various Presbyterian, Congregationalists, &c., and the third the Episcopal church. In his inquiry after the causes which obstruct the success of the different denominations he classes together the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, Congregational, Lutheran, Dutch Reformed, &c., as the causes with these are the same, and essentially different from those operating to retard the Methodist and Baptist Churches. We think we never read a paper of his character, that appeared to us to be more free from partiality. We believe his purpose was to deal honestly and justly with each.

We give this week in a condensed form that portion of his article which criticizes the Episcopal and Presbyterian denominations. Next week we will give his criticism upon the Methodist and Baptists. He speaks of the Ministers of the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches in the highest terms as men of learning, and piety, but attributes their want of greater success to their method of preaching—reading their sermons. He draws a picture of Presbyterian and Episcopal preaching, which we will here give in his own words—"Accustomed as we are to good speaking in this country, let any one saunter, some Sunday into (for example) a Presbyterian church. After hearing the choir sing a hymn or two, and one very short and one enormously long prayer, the preacher commences the main service of the occasion. He is boxed up in a pulpit. He would think it sacrilege if he omitted to take a text, and accordingly a text he takes—applying naturally or in the way of a conceit to his subject. With this placarded thus in imagination above him, and which according to his taste, he recurs to constantly, as a sort of refrain—launches out into his discourse, which will be sensible or decorous or fanciful, or rapid; but always formal. The sermon is written out. The speaker has come there with a discourse in his pocket, and his apathetic and his appeals, he gives over to his auditors, whenever he can lay his finger on them. On their part the congregation come to hear a sermon—yes they come to hear a sermon, a certain amount is to be dispensed, and a general assent to be returned, and the church breaks up and all go home. The sermon

is criticised, the sentiments may be applauded, and it is considered very good advice, and there the matter ends. Not one heart has been touched—not one resolution has been adopted. * * * How poor to such a listener, such a speech making as this! After listening to the fervid appeals in the forum, where every sentence strives towards a mark, or to the varied ear, familiar with the elocution of the stump. Perhaps our adventurer has found his way into an Episcopal church. Here is a death-like propriety. All is as still as the grave. It is a dim religious edifice. There is stained glass and lofty grained arches. People step about as if the ground were haunted. A genteel grave sexton moves mysteriously from pew to pew. There are solemn texts staring out from the walls. Fashionable ladies and gentlemen, no one knows how, gradually fill the church. A solemn form comes silently forward in a stately robe and, amid multitudinous folds—dramatically kneels in prayer. A strain of dream like music breathes through the spacious aisles. And presently—"The Lord is in his Holy Temple let all the earth keep silence before him," from the altar, chaste voice initiates the pageant. The different parts of the service are then more or less devoutly gone through. * * *

A hymn is then read from the chancel, and sung in the gallery and then twenty five minutes are devoted to the reading of a perfectly unexceptionable and elegant production. "And that is the trumpet call erst uttered 'in the wilderness' and which was thundered at Caesars, before Felix and Drusilla touching that 'righteousness, temperance, and judgement to come.' This is the dainty method by which the tremendous import of the gospel—like arrow-root to the dying—is communicated to the mawkish stomachs of the higher society. How often is a true, manly, straight-forward address heard in such a pulpit!"

The writer then gives us a fine elaborate and overwhelming argument against written sermons. He shows conclusively that they want naturalness and directness which are essential to effectiveness. That the great object of preaching is not to tickle the fancy, please the intellect, but to incite, move to action, and that the strong citadel of the heart—opposed to Christ, is reached and carried off in an assault, a hand to hand fight. That in such a fight, parchments and book sentiment, are worthless—the strong language of nature is wanted—no affectation—no labor—no wordiness—no form. To do this extempore preaching is required. He illustrates his meaning thus. "What would any one think of a lawyer who got up to address a jury with a manuscript speech, spread out on a desk? How many jurors would listen to him? How many would go to sleep? What contentions and convolutions would his client conduct himself through while the great fact, of his case, the pregnant points in his evidence were thus being spun away into impractical syllogisms, into impalpable fantasies! That adroit lawyer stands there, knowing what he has to do. In a difficult school he has learned himself deeply in human nature. He knows that, that man with his horse out at the fence, doesn't want any fine sentiments. He knows that any abstracted mode of reasoning—sensible as he is—would be utterly lost on him. * * *

There is a certain style of communication that man can understand. It must be the language he is accustomed to. It must be strong, blunt, graphic unconstrained. Let no one think it may not be eloquent. Let him go into the court house and see. Let him listen once to a really good county court speaker and then to a 'Seignior' preacher. It is the language of men; the other is the sentiments of books. The one comes fresh and in life from nature; the other is artificial scholastic abstracts."

He introduces the speech making of politicians in further illustration of his doctrine, shows that manuscript speeches are made no where but in the pulpit. He next defines what extempore speaking is. That it is not speaking without previous meditation. Having the main points all fixed in the mind leaving the filling up for the occasion, it requires that the subject shall be better studied for success. A man may carry on paper, his thoughts, with less labor, than preserving them in connection in his mind, without putting them to paper. We have merely glanced at his article, our space will not allow us to do more. There are many valuable thoughts relative to extempore preaching, and the manner of it in course with the masses, observed by absent, sermon writing preachers, which would be interesting and profitable, if we had room. We take up the latter part of his article next week.

BREAKING UP OF WINTER:—On Friday evening last, we had quite a respectable snow, some three or four inches deep. There was too much warmth in the earth however, for it, and the most of it disappeared on the next day. This, we hope, is the last struggle of winter, and we may now look for a return of those beautiful spring-like days of February. The buds may again unlock their winter palaces, and the birds tune their spring notes of merry songs, and chant the dirge of those days, when

"The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blow;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snow;
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars for bank to break;
And birds and beast in covert rest,
And pass the leafless day."

RECAPITULATING:—Just as the paper went to press, we received a letter from our special friend, Florence Fay, with an account of her trip to the Langsham and a piece of the Buchanan cake. Not space for comments this week.

NORTH AND SOUTH:—It will be seen by the official report on commerce and navigation for the year ending July 1 1856, that the entire exports of the United States amount to \$310,586,330. Of this amount the Southern States export of products exclusively of the South \$145,849,803; the Northern States, of exclusive northern products, export \$82,404,786; and the remaining \$182,331,791 of exports, are from products common to both North and South.

From the above it will appear that the South contributes more than four times as much as the North for the payment of our foreign debts, and for the support of their own marine and the building up of their own large cities.

Verily the South occupies no mean position in the support of the National Government! Strike her from the Union, and even the Northern half must wither and droop. She is a necessity both for the prosperity of the Union and the sustenance of the Northern States. Hence how utterly ruinous is their warfare against the South! How short sighted!

And yet this is not all. It requires \$75,000,000 annually to support the home government of the United States. This is raised by a tax on the imported manufactures from foreign countries. Northern manufactures are thereby enabled to come into competition and make a large percent off of the consumers, who, of course, live in the South. By this means the South is forced to support the home Government and build up Northern manufactures. For all of this however, she receives neither credit nor thanks; but on the contrary three fourths of the revenue is expended in the large cities of the North, the South receiving barely a few dollars.

Suppose a change. The South is independent. She exports her raw products directly from her own seaports and receives back the manufactures of foreign countries, free of duty. Where now are the Northern States, their magnificent cities and thriving towns? Echo would answer—"Where?"

We do sincerely deprecate that day, but should it come the following would not be without force and a striking similarity—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Postal Convention between the United States and France.

We stated a few days since that a postal convention had been concluded between the United States and France, having been signed on the 2d inst. by James Campbell, Postmaster General, on the part of this government and by Count de Sartiges, Minister, &c., on the part of France. It is to go into effect on the 1st of April next. The following particulars are officially announced:

The rate for a letter of the weight of one quarter of an ounce, or under, is fifteen cents, and fifteen cents for each additional quarter of an ounce, or fraction of a quarter of an ounce, from any part of the United States to any part of France or Algeria; prepayment optional. The postage is the same whether the letter passes through England direct to or from France.

The rates on letters of a quarter of an ounce, or under, for countries beyond France, will be as follows, viz: Great Britain, Belgium, the Low Countries, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, the Swiss Cantons, the Sardinian States and the German States, (except the Empire of Austria) 21 cents to destination; prepayment optional.

Denmark, Empire of Austria, Servia, Tuscany, States of the Church and Duchies of Parma and Modena, 27 cents to destination; prepayment optional. Russia, Poland, the Two Sicilies, Malta, the Kingdom of Greece, Alexandria, Jaffa, Beyrout, Tripoli in Syria, Latakia, Alexandretta, Masina, Rhodes, Smyrna, Mitylene, the Dardanelles, Gallipoli, Constantinople, Tunis, Tangiers, Pondicherry, Karikal, Yanaon, Mahé and Chandernagor, 30 cents to destination; prepayment optional.

Kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, 33 cents to destination; prepayment optional. Spain, Portugal and Gibraltar, 21 cents to destination; prepayment required. Ionian Islands, 27 cents to Trieste; prepayment required.

Aden, East Indies, Ceylon, Mauritius, Isle of Réunion, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, China, Batavia and other countries whose correspondence can advantageously be sent by Suez, 30 cents to transport of the Indies or sea of China to which the British packets ply; prepayment required.

Countries beyond seas other than those designated, 30 cents to port of arrival in the country of destination; prepayment required.

As the balances now in use in our post-offices are adjusted to no weight below the half ounce, the quarter ounce may be ascertained by placing a die (a new quarter of a dollar will answer) of the weight of a quarter of an ounce upon the plate of the balance with the letter.

The previous arrangement for printed matter, on which each country collects its own postage, remains unchanged. The U. States postage on newspapers is two cents each, and on periodicals and pamphlets one cent an ounce, or fraction of an ounce; prepayment required. Books and all other kinds of printed matter are chargeable with the United States domestic rates; prepayment also required.

MR. WEBSTER ON STYLE OF WRITING:—From our own experience with the great bulk of manuscripts received at this office, we gave a few rules, in the last issue of the Times, for correct writing. Since then, we find the following criticism of Daniel Webster in one of his posthumously published letters, which the reader will see tallies closely with our rules.

"A book might be written on this little question. 'When is effect produced by generalization—when, by particularization?' At least a book might be filled with opposite instances of both kinds, from our English classics, especially the Scriptures, Shakespeare and Milton. An accurate writer should avoid generalities sometimes, not always; but when it would require a treatise to expound. I reject to see one rhetorician who will allow nothing to words but as they are signs of ideas. The rule is a good one, to use no word which does not suggest an idea, or modify some idea already suggested. And this should lead writers to adopt sparingly the use of such words as vast, amazing, astonishing, &c. For, what do they mean? Dr. Watts—who, by the way, I do not deem altogether a bad poet—somewhere speaks of the flight of an angel as being with 'most amazing speed.' But what an idea is conveyed by the mode of expression? 'What is 'amazing speed?' It would amaze us if we saw an oyster moving a mile a day. It would not amaze us to see a greyhound run a mile in a minute."

On the other hand, see with what unequalled skill Milton represents both the distance through which, and the speed with which, Mulciber fell from heaven:

"From morn,
To noon he fell; from noon to eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun,
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star."

What is manifested in these few lines? The object is to express great distance and great velocity, neither of which is capable of very easy suggestion to the human mind. We are told that the angel fell a day, a long summer's day; the day is broken into forenoon and afternoon, that the time may seem to be protracted.

He does not reach the earth till sunset, and then to represent the velocity, the 'dropt,' one of the very best words in the language to signify sudden and rapid fall, and then comes a simile, 'like a falling star.'"

LOTTERY INVESTMENTS.—An "old merchant," of Augusta, Ga., relates his experience in Lottery speculation thus:

"At the time when Lotteries were rather new in Georgia, nine others and myself entered into a partnership which was to last for ten years. We each contributed \$3,000, making the handsome capital of \$30,000, which was to be used solely in buying Lottery tickets. Now with all this money, all our smartness and great facilities, which you know nothing of, for buying, how do you think we stood at the end of the ten years?"

"Well," said he, "of the original \$30,000, we received back \$25,000, and lost the interest, then at 8 per cent, on the whole for ten years. The \$30,000, if invested at simple interest for the ten years, would have returned us \$54,000, and at compound interest \$64,763."

Thus you see, to sum it up, we lost the compound interest on \$30,000 for ten years, making,

Of the original stock, 5,000
Making a total of losses, 69,753
And had returned to us, 25,000
Making a clear loss of 44,753

"This, sir," he continued, "is my first and last experience in lotteries, and you may act on it as you choose."

THE GREENSBORO AND DANVILLE CONNECTION:—Two weeks ago we presented an article of some length on the subject of the "Air line Rail Road," and the importance of this connection with Danville, the only remaining link, and the one necessary to make the project of the Air line road successful. Since then a public meeting has been held in this place and the subject discussed at some length.

We refer the reader to another column for a report of this meeting, which we hope they will read. We believe every opportunity could be easily overcome, if the prejudice which now marks the opposing minds were laid aside and reason given their rightful sway. Fair and open discussion will effect this, and we, therefore, hope for the success of the proposed convention.

REVIEWS.
BRITISH PERIODICALS.—Published by L. Scott & Co., New York. The London Quarterly Review for January and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for February are on our table. Term \$3 each a year, or \$5 for the two. L. Scott & Co. also republishes the North British, the Westminster and the Edinburgh Reviews.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March has at last arrived and we have only had time to look at the Pictures. The first article is Port Crayon's "North Carolina Illustrated." He commences in the Fisheries, and we hope will continue through the centre, giving us a call as he passes, and finally take his leave from the West, where he can find some of the most beautiful scenery the world can afford, with legendary tales innumerable. Upon the whole, we think this a superior number. Term \$3 a year, or \$4 for Harper and the Times.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER, published in Richmond, Va., by Messrs. Macfarlane & Ferguson, is decidedly a good looking periodical devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture and the Household arts. It is large and well filled with a rich variety. Term \$2.

W. H. REESE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

W. H. REESE, CONSTABLE, WILL STRICKLE ATTEND TO THE collection of ALL DEBTS entrusted to his care with promptness and dispatch.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER, published in Richmond, Va., by Messrs. Macfarlane & Ferguson, is decidedly a good looking periodical devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture and the Household arts. It is large and well filled with a rich variety. Term \$2.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Penbody was in Charleston a few days since from whom the *Courier* learned that the English *Terminus* of the Great Submarine Telegraph, which is to flash intelligence from Europe to America, and vice versa, in the twinkling of an eye, is at his private residence, in London. In the same interview he showed on his table, a specimen of the Telegraphic cable, to be used in the great enterprise. This cable is about 1 of an inch in diameter, composed of a beautiful outer coating of galvanized steel wire, enclosing, in the centre, a thread of copper wire, encased in gutta-serena. It seems to be at once strong and indestructible; and we doubt not, will bear its messages, with lightning speed, across the broad Atlantic. Its completion will constitute an epoch, in human invention, and in the transmission of news and intelligence, which, but a few years since, would have been classed among impossible things. We believe it, however, to be only the precursor of the yet greater achievement of encircling the great globe itself with the telegraphic wire. Verily, has God, in his Providence, permitted man to "make the lightning his messenger," and to girdle the Earth with its intelligent fires.

INDIAN MASSACRE IN TEXAS.—A mail party from Fort Davis, Texas, seven in number, were attacked on the 1st inst., at Howard's Spring, in that State, by a body of seventy Indians. Four out of the seven were killed, the others got away, but only one succeeded in reaching Fort Clark. A detachment was immediately dispatched under Lieut. McHaskie, who found the two left behind, and the bodies of the four men killed, which were fearfully mangled. The mail box was broken open and the contents taken away, with the exception of two letters.

RAILROAD IRON.—Another cargo of iron for the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad has arrived at Norfolk, Va., per the ship *Mela*, Capt. De Haven, from Newport, Wales. This makes the third arrival of iron for this road, and over 2,000 tons in all, on which the duty will be about \$20,000.

MARRIED.

At New Garden Meeting House, in Guilford county, on Wednesday 11th inst., Mr. JAMES W. COPELAND, of Northampton county, and Miss KEZIAH E. STALKER, daughter of Aaron Stalker, of Guilford.

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—In reply to an advertisement given by Z. S. Coffin, offering a reward of \$100, to any person of this County, who would produce Ambrotypes superior to his, I beg leave to say, that by depositing \$100 in the "Savings Bank" of N. C., and appointing Competent Judges, I will exhibit my Specimens on any day, that he will mention; or if the above is not satisfactory, if he will deposit the money as aforesaid, and his Specimens with the C. C. Clerk, I will also deposit Specimens with same and the decision may be made by the Independent and Commissioners of the town.

ALEXANDER STARRETT.
March 18 1857.

REMOVAL.—THE SUBSCRIBER having removed his Gallery to Garrett's New Building, Room No. 4. Where he has a fine Northern light, is now prepared to take Ambrotypes or Melanotypes, in all the beauty of the art not to be excelled by any "Celebrated Artist" whatever. Ambrotypes colored true to life if desired, and warranted. His Melanotype is a beautiful picture, taken on sheet iron and warranted not to fade. He would further say to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Greensboro and vicinity, that he is thankful for past favors and hopes to continue a continuance of their patronage.

AMBROTYPES FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY. Call and examine his Specimens.
ALEXANDER STARRETT.
March 18 1857.

